THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 110.

"The languid eye; the cheek,
Deserted of its bloom; the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul
Reproach the owner with that love of REST,
To which he forfeits even the REST he loves." COWPER.

TO THE WANDERER.

ONE of the laws of Solon, that wise legislator of Athens, was for the encouragement of arts, trades, and manufactures, with a view to the establishment of a general employment among the people. It considered indolent persons as dangerous to the happiness of the community, "from whom sprung up a school of vice in the bosom of the commonwealth." They who so far submitted themselves to a voluntary and sure destruction, could of course be little affected with the interest of society. A set of irritable and turbulent spirits, they would always be ready for innovations and changes, only that new sources might be opened for the gratification of sensuality, and new facilities for the acquisition of fortune, which idleness can never secure without impositions upon the laws of justice, honour, and equality.—The same law of Solon required that no son should be obliged to support his father in old age or indigence, who had neglected to have that son bred to some trade or occupation. It is certain that proper employments suppress all those unnecessary desires, created by a busy fancy, full of dreams, visions, and imaginary delights, void of proper thoughts, and motives, and unemployed by any regular pursuit; while it must be allowed, that he, who is idle and has no regular object in view, will (by the innumerable temptations constantly harassing his judgment and trying his virtue) very shortly abandon himself to the deceptions of his imagination, of course become a prey to his passions and appetites, that contend for the utter destruction of his tranquillity and repose. Considering that every moment of our lives contains some invaluable store, if properly applied, for the assistance of our minds, and for the happiness and improvement of all our faculties; with what caution should we use it? Thus sensible of its infinite value as a share of experience, we realize its demand for a just application.

It is but natural to suppose, that by the rejection and neglect of any opportunity, every loss and punishment may follow in the same proportion, as every reward and honour might have attended the improvement of it. Indolence is a neglect and rejection of the advantages of time, by losing all those opportunities of action, which can

never return; and how awful the idea, that the hour, which is gone, has flown to seal either the justification of its use or the condemnation of its misapplication?

"*Procrastination* is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled.
Be wise *to-day;* 'tis madness to defer.
Next day the fatal precedent will plead."

Idleness, says a great moralist, can never secure tranquillity; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard, and though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep.

Of all vices, that of Indolence is the most difficult to subdue; for when its seeds are once sown in the disposition, they

"Grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength."

They at last become leaden pressures upon the body, bringing it to the ground through oppression and weight; and rooted evils in the mind, poisoning every virtue, killing their seeds, in the place of which spring up, weeds, thorns and briers. —"The slothful man descends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational, merely vegetative." He appears not to partake those joys which elevate, nor to be depressed by those sorrows, which afflict his fellow beings; his life being a mere dissolution of his frame. Born, as it were, to fill up a vacancy in creation, he is unfitted for all the social duties and innocent pleasures of life; appears to partake in nothing, but that which is either disgusting to the purity of virtue, or offensive to the eyes of modesty; seems indeed to be an instinctive animal, rather than a human being, governed by the dictates of reason and the impressions of judgment. With no object in view, no regular pursuit, and no laudable ambition to gratify, he of course cares for no duty he may have to perform, and for no obligation, which by nature he is bound to discharge. He must be a faithless friend, an unnatural husband, a careless father, an unfeeling brother, and an undutiful son, since he would betray his friend, leave his family in poverty and want, expose his son to vicious examples, feel no concern in the happiness and welfare of his brother, and lastly, would sacrifice to his passions and desires the peace and tranquillity of those, who gave him being, and watched over his infancy with tears and affection. Nay, "he would not draw his hand from his bosom though to prevent the destruction of the universe!" and since he thus far dishonours his nature, and is a burden to society in his life, let him in some respect be of service to the world, when dead, "by instructive lessons of morality to those he has left behind him," from having applied to his memory a proposition of your predecessor, "The "Connoisseur," which is, to date the age of all these useless and unprofitable beings, as they may have abused or improved their lives, upon their tomb-stones—for instance "here continue to rot the remains of a noted beau, AN EMBRYO which never shewed *any signs of life*, but after twenty-three years was so totally *putrified*, that it could not be kept above ground any longer."—I think this an excellent proposal; for through a course of time it will raise a little emulation in the life of the idler to add a few days to his being and to be born into existence, that he may have the honour of saying, that he once lived to some purpose, and was of little use

to the world. No object upon earth looks so melancholy, as one possessing every quality for elevation in society, and distinction in virtue; yet lost to all his vigour and activity both of body and mind, groping in the shades of indolence, and wallowing in the lap of idleness! Of what importance is it to guard against this chaining vice, which creeps insensibly upon the man? Action is the shield, and felicity of the soul, both to guard it against the assaults of temptation, and fix in it a constant incentive to employment. It surmounts all difficulties, improves our natural constitutions, strengthens the virtue of the mind, fits us for all the social duties of life, and plants in our souls an overruling desire to accomplish something both useful to ourselves and happy for society.

Then "old age," (as Cowper so elegantly expresses it) with sparkling eye,
Beneath a wrinkled front the veteran shows;
And gracing a grey beard with youthful smiles,
Descends towards the grave SPRIGHTLY, and almost
Without decay."

X.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EMERALD.

SIR,

AMONG the many objects which have excited the attention of the curious, and the speculative in natural science, we recognise, with pride, the commencement of a course of Lectures on the interesting and valuable subject of Mineralogy; a subject which comprehends the nature, form, and properties of the various bodies contained in the bowels of the Earth, from *simple argil* (or clay), to the *brilliant Diamond* and *the fruitful Gold*;* a subject, the knowledge of which, is essential to the melioration and improvement of *civilized Man*.

The various arts, from Husbandry to that most excellent, the knowledge and cure of Diseases, are furnished from the mineral Kingdom, with the principles of their application, improvement and perfection. It is nature's Store house, by which plants as well as animals, are supplied with the original elements of their growth, and Society with every implement, whether for ornament, utility, or defense.

We rejoice that while we are generally employed in the necessitous duties of some daily occupation, or in the lucrative labours of commerce, which accustoms us to dwell with delight upon the productions of foreign climes, while we are regardless of our own, that a few have disposition and ability to step aside and dedicate a portion of time to the acquisition and knowledge of a branch of science, as yet but little understood, but of the highest value to our young and growing country.

If truly we would wish to improve the various arts and manufactures of the state, explore and bring to extensive use what the depths of the soil may contain, we must first become acquainted with the chymical principles and modes of operation by which either the one or the other can be effected. Hereafter we shall have no excuse from a want of the necessary means of information as the alcoves of the *Atheneum* will be supplied with abundant sources of investigation.

Mineralogy is not less interesting to Men of Letters than to Artists, who are bound to be acquainted with its elementary principles, by which alone they can expect to emulate the improvements of older countries.

The antiquity, importance and utility of Mineralogical science may be dated from the highest sources of antiquity.

In the book of *Genesis*, we have the testimony of Moses establishing the knowledge of *Tubal Cain* in the invention and manufacturing of Instruments of Brass and Iron.

* ——————Latet arbore opacâ
Aureus et foliis et lentovimine ramus.
(Virgil Book 6.)

Some authors were of opinion, that the exploring of Mines must have been prior to his time. Others again, that the art of exploring as well as fabricating of Metals, was equally known and used by him. Whatever opinion we adopt, it shows a prescience in that early age which our feeble apprehensions are puzzled to solve. Such improvements could not have started up without a beginning and gradual advancement.

I will close my remarks with a beautiful specimen of antient English Poetry by Joshua Sylvester, in a translation of the works of the celebrated Du Bartas, in which the proofs of Tubal's knowledge are concisely displayed.

"While through a Forest Tubal with his yew,
And ready quiver did a Boar pursue.
A burning mountain from his fiery vein,
An iron river rolls along the plain.
The witty huntsman musing thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply can devise,
And first perceiving that this scolding mettle,
Becoming cold, in any shape would settle;
And grow so hard that with his sharpened side,
The firmest substance it would soon divide.
He casts an hundred plots, and ere he parts,
He moulds the groundwork of an hundred arts.
For now the way to thousand works reveal'd,
Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld.
In two square creases of unequal sizes
To turn two iron streamlets he devises.
Cold takes them thence, then off the dross he rakes,
And this an hammer, that an anvil makes.
And adding tongs to these, two instruments,
He stores his house with iron implements."

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

THE classical scholar, in his literary account, may fairly set the subsequent remarks of Gilbert Wakefield against the declamation of Cumberland, the biographers of Johnson and others, on the importance of necessity, as a stimulus to scholastic enterprize.

"To the perfection of study, plenty of money and leisure are absolutely requisite."

"For a day's meal had Milton felt a fear,
In vain Urania's voice had warn'd his ear."

"There are many things," says an old poet, "which a man dare not attempt with a hole in his coat." And Swift was very positive that Horace kept his coach. But if a man defer his exertions till all impediments are removed, he may sit still and wish for ever; as the rustic waited till the river should run by."

(Letter to Rev. Mr. Gregory.)

The subsequent sentence from Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France, is as striking an exemplification of what rhetoricians mean by the *moral or metaphysical sublime*, as occurs in the whole compass of English *belles lettres*.

"Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and moral natures, each in their appointed place."

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Let the loud thunder roll along the skies,
CLAD in my virtue I the storms despise."
"Indeed," quoth Peter, "how your lot I bless,
To be *sheltered* in so *thin* a dress."

A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work people in a due attendance at church, on a late Fast day, told them that if they went to church,

they would receive their wages for that day, in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that "if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend likewise at the Methodist Chapel in the evening."

AN ORIGINAL AIR.

BY A CASMERIAN INDIAN.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere shall we three meet again!

Tho' in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
Tho' the deep between us rolls
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
When our burnish'd locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
May this long-lov'd bow'r remain,
Here may we three meet again;

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, pow'r and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign
Then may we three meet again!

Marmontel said that the difference between the tragedies of the ancients and those of the moderns was like that between a spit-jack and a watch; as to the jack, the weight which moves the machine is on the outside; this is fatality, &c. in the watch, as in modern tragedy, the springs are in the inside; these are love, ambition, &c.

An old gentleman that professed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house. When the cloth was removed, some very sour wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare.—The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. God bless me! says the old gentleman, you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton! Yes, Sir, says the bard, this *dead wine* of yours compels me to shed tears, but by H—n they are not the tears of veneration!

TO A FRIEND.

Thou art not happy, George, tho' partial heaven
Best blessings, peace and competence has given;
Tho' thus with every comfort blest,
Thy life still free from ills has past away,
Thou hast no cares to vex thy heart by day;
Or mingle with thy dreams and break thy rest.

Pleasant has been the past; the future lies,
A plain and easy path before thy eyes,
No evil to remember, or to dread:
Shake off, my friend, this shameful discontent,
No longer let thy truest friends lament
That Heaven show'rs blessings on the thankless head.

Rouse up thy languid mind, dear George, and learn
Action alone the human soul can bless;
Rouse up thy mind, that still from toil will turn,
Yet, sickens with its very idleness.

Go! build th' historic pile—the labour there
Shall with its own delight itself repay;
Go! to the haunts of wretchedness repair.
Relieve the widow, and the orphan bless,
And find in ACTIVE VIRTUE—happiness.

FARINELLI, THE SINGER.

Farinelli did not treat that public, which had lavished on him so many favours, either with gratitude or respect; of this a notorious instance was mentioned in my last impression.

The late Duke of Northumberland had engaged him, for an extravagant pecuniary consideration, to sing at a public entertainment, given by his grace at Northumberland-house; a large company was assembled, and the amateurs were waiting on the tiptoe of expectation, to listen to his warblings, with expressions of surprise and adulation, when he rudely sent a verbal message that he could not come.

The duke who was never so happy as when he could contribute to the amusement and gratification of his friends, was severely mortified, and made an apology; but this gross violator of good manners and his word, received a signal and salutary correction, in the presence of the persons he had disappointed.

The Duke of Modena, to whom the offender was a subject, happened at the time to be visiting England, and fortunately for the company, was actually present at the moment his uncivil refusal was announced.

Begging pardon of Lord Northumberland for interfering, the prince desired that a servant might be dispatched to the singer, with orders for his immediate attendance.

The Modenese soon made his appearance, when a chair was placed for him, and every one, except his sovereign, stood up: "Does your grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence?" exclaimed his highness; "have the goodness to excuse me; *we manage these gentlemen better in Italy*:—Farinelli, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing in your best manner to this company, who honour you with their notice."

The warbling eunuch trembled and obeyed; after performing to the satisfaction of the company, he retired with an humble bow, receiving from his sovereign, a nod of approbation.

SENEÇAI

Wrote some lines which he called 'The Irresolute Man;' they have been thus translated by an ingenious youth, who felt but too sensibly the ill consequences of the folly described in them:

THE IRRESOLUTE MAN.

While Jack too long deliberates
Which lot of life 'tis best to draw,
Or arms, or physic, church, or law,
And still his choice procraſtinates;
Neglected Time with rapid wing
In silence sweeps the liſtless hours,
Each idly crops life's freſheſt flow'rs,
Which knows, alas! no second spring:
For soon old age with wintry hands
Shall freeze the current of the soul,
Her ardent energies controul,
And bind the powers in icy bands:
Yet Jack has mem'ry, taſte, and wit,
In learning prompt, in speaking ready;
But, wav'ring, doubtful, light, unsteady,
For ev'ry state is now unfit.
While floating on each wand'ring wave
Of passion, chance, caprice, and wh m,
Death comes and strait decides for him,
To fix his station in the grave.

AN ATHEIST

Is a bold disputant, that takes upon him to prove the hardest negative in the whole world, and from the impossibility of his attempt, may be justly

concluded not to understand it: for he that does not understand so much as the difficulty of his undertaking, can know nothing else of it; and he that will venture to comprehend that which is not within his reach, does not know so far as his own latitude, much less the extent of that which lies beyond it. He denies that to be which he finds by undeniable inference to be in all things; and, *because it is every where, would have it to be no where;* as if that old gingle were logically true in all things, because it is so in nothing. If a blind man should affirm, there is no such thing as light, and an owl no such thing as darkness, it would be hard to say, which is the verier owl of the two; and yet both would speak true, according to their own apprehensions and experience; but false, because it is of things beyond the reach of their capacities. He draws a map of Nature by his own fancy, and bounds her how he pleases, without regard to the position of the heavens, by which only her latitude is to be understood, and without which all his speculations are vain, idle, and confused. Nothing but ignorance can produce a confidence bold enough to determine of the First Cause; *for all the inferior works of Nature are objects more fit for our wonder than curiosity; and she conceals the truth of things that lie under our view, from us, to discourage us from attempting those that are more remote.* He commits as great an error in making Nature (which is nothing but the order and method by which all causes and effects in the world are governed) to be the Frst Cause, as if he should suppose the laws by which a prince governs, to be the prince himself.

ASTONISHING CALCULATION IN PRINTING.

It appears by a calculation made by the printer of Stevens' edition of Shakespeare, that every octavo page of that work (text and notes) contain 2,680 distinct pieces of metal, which in a sheet amount to 42,880; the misplacing of any one of which would infallibly cause a blunder. —With this curious fact before our eyes, surely the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired.

(London paper.)

Cæsar has had the testimony of ages to his bravery; and yet he refuses a challenge from Anthony. He very calmly answered the bearer of the message: "If Anthony is weary of his life, tell him, there are other ways to death, besides the point of my sword."----How happy had we more examples of such magnanimity!

Ladies, when they rise to take their leave after a visit, have generally a number of things to settle before they can move: such as, who owes the other visit---whether they will come soon, and not let it be long first---whether they intend to visit the new bride, and when, &c. This is useful to exercise the patience of the gentlemen who are to wait upon them home.

The building of a certain theatre having been stopped awhile for want of money, some person wrote with chalk on the gate of the enclosure, "The devil turned bankrupt."

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

THEATRE DRURY-LANE.

THE tragedy of Percy was represented at this theatre last night, for the purpose principally of introducing Mrs. Whitlock (late Miss E. Kemble) in the character of Elwina, after an absence from the London boards of nearly 20 years. What impression she might then have made must be now entirely lost; so there is no room to compare her with herself It is generally known that Mrs. Whitlock is a sister of Mrs. Siddons; and even were it not, it

is impossible to hear and behold her, without being struck with a resemblance, in every respect so strong as cannot well be any other than that of sisters. To say that her powers of theatric representation equal those of Mrs. Siddons, or that she is so eminently gifted by nature, or cultivated by art to embody the inspirations of the tragic muse, would alarm criticism and stagger credibility. We are not prepared to say so; but when we pronounce her talents to be of the very first order, we do them but justice, and can offend no unbiassed critic, and least of any one, Mrs Siddons, to whose praise must redound every commendation that is bestowed on Mrs. Whitlock, who resembles her sister almost as nearly in talent and exertion as in figure and in face.

Mrs. W. certainly has not the steadiness and majesty of Mrs. Siddons; neither has her lineaments and person equal symmetry, grace, or rotundity. On the contrary, she is very thin in the face, and something awkward and ungainly about her neck and general carriage. But the interest she excites is too powerful to allow attention to direct itself to these minor, physical defects. Her eye is full and variously expressive, and its glances are striking and vivid, though emitted from a thinner visage, and a paler complexion. In these, as in the accents of her voice, the similitude is so near, that it must often agreeably deceive both the eye and the ear. As therefore, the powers and person of Mrs. Whitlock bear so marked an affinity to those of Mrs. Siddons, it is next to impossible to avoid comparing them together. It must obtrude itself every moment upon the most heedless observer. We shall, however, only generally observe, that their conception of a character seems to be equally correct; in the execution, where dignity is to be represented, or terror impressed, Mrs. Siddons stands unrivalled; where pity and the softer passions are to be infused, Mrs. Whitlock is not surpassed. We more familiarly sympathize in the feelings of the latter; by the grander bursts of the former we are terrified and over-awed. The acting of the one has more of general nature, that of the other more of occasional sublimity.

We may therefore, in some measure apply to those two accomplished actresses, what the British Adrastus says of Dryden and Pope. We behold Mrs. Siddons with frequent astonishment, Mrs. Whitlock with perpetual delight. If we are to point out any passage of her last night's performance, it is not the more prominent ones of the piece, where every performer is ambitious of exertion, but those short and simple ones, where judgment and feeling are often most happily marked; of this description we shall for the present particularise but two—the one where Lord Raby asks—

" Should some rash man, regardless of thy fame,
And in defiance of thy marriage vows,
Presume to plead a guilty passion for thee,
What would'st do?"

Elwina answered, with most impressive energy,

" What honour bids me do."

And again, when in her first interview with Percy she hesitates to disclose her situation to him, and he impatiently exclaims, " Speak, say what art thou?" the pause that intervened, and the lowered tone in which she expressed the word " married," was given with a force and discrimination which was universally felt and universally applauded. Indeed the enthusiastic plaudits that accompanied her performance throughout, were only surpassed by those of the audience at the fall of the curtain. We never saw Elliston, or H. Siddons more happily exert themselves; but the whole attention was absorbed by the novelty of the night, which drew an overflowing house at a very early hour.

A poem has been lately published in Paris, entitled *Virgil in France; or, The New Æneid*; an heroic comic poem, in the Franco-Gothic style; in which *The Æneid* of *Virgil* is travestied into a history of the French revolution, by M. Leplat du Temple. In this work, *Æolus* is the king of England; the *Trojans*, the French; *Priam*, Louis XVI: the *Harpies*, the Monks of Belgium, &c.

DOMESTIC.

Samuel Mackay, of this town, late professor of the French language at Williams' college, proposes to publish, by subscription, a full *History of France*, from the year 1787, and without chasm, to the peace with Austria, after the battle of Austerlitz. This publication will comprise 4 volumes 8vo. of 500 pages each, price two dollars and fifty cents per volume. The documents for this momentous

and desirable work, are derived from sources the most legitimate.

Mr. Henry Dean, an eminent writing master, and the ingenious author of the *Analytical Guide*, proposes to publish a splendid impression of that useful and entertaining work. It will be enriched with additional engravings, by distinguished artists. This production is sanctioned by men of letters and taste. It abounds in historical research. The practical directions are simple and perspicuous, and illustrated by beautiful examples.

Samuel F. Bradford has in press a New Work entitled *Secret History*, or *The Horrors of St. Domingo*, in a series of letters written by a Lady at Cape Francois to *Colonel Burr*, principally during the command of General Rochambeau.

B. B. Hopkins and Co. Philadelphia, have put to press *The Trial of A. Burr, reported by David Robertson, Esq.* The work will be printed on a fine paper, to consist of two Volumes Octavo, of 600 pages each, price 6 Dollars.

E. Sargeant, New York, has published The *Discarded Son, or Haunt of Banditti*, a Tale by R. M. Roche, 2 Vols.—also The *Wild Irish Girl, second Edition.*

John Wyeth, Harrisburgh, has in press *Hugh Knox's Aphoretical Essays*, 2 Vols. price 1 Dollar 50 Cents.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venoni will perceive that we have complied with his request *in all its latitude*, and is invited to let the extent of *our* disposition to accommodate, be the measure of *his* to communicate.

The composition of X is not *without point*; but in the state in which it was sent us, was almost without *punctuation.* Verbum sat *sapientibus.*

The Theatrical Criticism of this week, came too late for insertion; as also No. 3. of Conversazione.

For the Emerald.

TRIBUTARY LINES.

WHERE is the One, whose soul of amplest plan
In Nature's mint receiv'd the stamp of man?
When erst the goddess, fir'd with noblest rage
At the vile cheatings of a bankrupt age;
Intent her Treasury, the stage, to clear
From dazzling counterfeits, late current here;
Bade from her mines their purest ore be brought,
Mines, pervious only to the Track of thought:
And taught the braggart witlings to behold,
And learn the diff'rence 'twixt their dross and gold.
While just discernments give to worth its due,
Detect base metal, and admire the true.

Say where the One, thus singled from an host,
Nature's exemplar, votary, and boast?
Tell me, ye crowds, who owns that eye-ball's glare,
That form majestic, and that martial air?
Who, grateful for the impress which he bore,
Has much receiv'd, but still has render'd more.
Language to him unlocks her countless stores——;
And deep and wide the critic's glance explores——,
Illumes the archives, gives the Poets' lore
To speak a latent sense, unknown before——;
While Taste's keen orbs their covert charms discern,
And teach their "thoughts to breathe, their words to burn;"
Judgment's strong lamp emits a steadier ray,
And Fancy's sunbeams blaze a brighter day.

Supremely skill'd to point the forceful phrase
Of secret Rancour or ingenuous praise;
Minutest meaning, studious to explain,
Nor let a particle be given in vain!
A thousand voices swell the loud acclaim;
A thousand voices echo FENNELL'S name—.
All hail, thou Master of the Drama's Art!
Thou Necromancer of the human Heart!
Thou speak'st the word;—it glows with tenfold heat,
Thou speak'st again;—its pulses cease to beat.
With wily potency, thy skill entwines
The charm that trances, and the spell that binds.
Like the weird sisters at thy MACBETH'S word,
The subject Passions throng around their Lord.
While strong Enchantment's various force he tries,
These sink to softness, those to frenzy rise;
Empower'd Despair's dark breast with Hope to cheer,
And wring from Cruelty Compassion's tear.
To thrill with joy—transfix in awe profound,
Melt with a look, and madden with a sound.
But bolder yet; thou dar'dst thy way to wind
Throughout the devious mazes of the Mind!
Nature, here too, allow'd th' advent'rous claim,
Herself an ARIADNE to its aim.
Led by her *clue*, and with her ensigns grac'd,
The *human labyrinth* her champion trac'd;
Where each crook'd purpose, with alternate power,
Becomes the *Monster* of the darken'd hour.
Where embryo mischiefs nameless ill *presage*,
Or plagues embodied taint a *present* age;
Where the brain quivers with its own intent,
And guilt's design becomes guilt's punishment;
Where craz'd Reflection to a fiend dilates,
And starts from furies which itself creates!
Conversant thus with moral, mental power,
'Tis these have taught thy genius thus to tower;
More than thy voice's strength, thy awful mien,
Thy frown tremendous, or thy smile serene!
Contemn'd the churlish contrast that essays
To sink the *player's* worth, the *poet's* raise.
Restor'd an Art half lost by false Pretence,
And prov'd the Drama's proud pre-eminence!
So rare in one the varying gifts unite,
Our Country thought to "die without the sight."
Myriads indeed, with high, theatric rage,
Or mere mechanic art, can stalk the stage;
Can leave their writer's meaning on the shelf,
And find a substitute in sapient self;
Till broad Burlesque too plainly shews his face,
And struggling Laughter bids Grief give him place;

While poor MELPOMENE, o'ercome with shame,
Disowns the changeling that assumed her name.
But HE who wears his author deep enshrin'd,
Joins heart to heart, and mixes mind with mind;
Feels as HE wrote, enforces all HE taught,
Quickens perception, and embodies thought——;
Bear witness, Truth! scarce such an one appears
Within the circuit of an hundred years.
Though scores of *poets* grac'd ELIZA's throne,
The perfect *player* was a prize unknown.
'Twas this conviction Avon's Bard imprest,
To task with foreign aim his restless breast;
Made buskin'd JONSON *seem* the wretch he knew,
And SHAKESPEARE *act* the character he *drew*.
Most rash and vain! Was genius e'er assign'd
Without some limit its excess to bind?
Enough; his mind's creative daring plac'd
A second Eden in the world of taste.—
And flowers and fruits the grateful garden crown'd,
And Human nature dignify'd the ground.
Here sunk *his* strength——to animate the whole,
Another's power must breathe THE LIVING SOUL.
FENNELL! for him *Thy* efforts have prevail'd,
And gain'd for SHAKESPEARE where HIMSELF had fail'd!
MACBETH had still, within his page, 'tis true,
Instructed some, perhaps—th' attentive few;
But like the fated writing on the wall,
That told Chaldea's monarch of his fall;
By most unheeded, had entic'd in vain
From the rich banquet, and the mirth profane;
Had not a Moving Hand——that *all* might see,
Beckon'd to *all*——itself a prodigy!
Pointing alike the menace and the sign,
The acting muscles liv'd along the line,
Trac'd each strong character in deepest dye,
And forc'd the warning on the startled eye!
'Tis hence that WOLSEY proves, by thee appli'd,
A living lesson on th' effects of pride.
Hence HAMLET's anguish answering anguish found,
And hence the night by high deserving crown'd;
When Public plaudit told the ear of Fame,
That ROMEO was———perfection's other name!
Ere thy example gave our actors law,—
Remembrance, aid their portraitures to draw!
Our lovers paid their vows at beauty's shrine,
With smirking simper, or with whimpering whine.
Our heroes, quick to desperation driven,
With ceaseless storm besieg'd both earth and heaven.
Our villains, *never such a dangerous clan!*
Look'd dark, talk'd sentiment, and—*kill'd their man.*

Love, shown by *Thee*, is tenderness sublim'd,
The condescension of the loftiest mind.
'Tis JOVE, who bending o'er his JUNO's charms,
Smooths his dark brow, and spreads his mighty arms;
With fondness wins whom Majesty had aw'd,
And is at once, the Lover and the God!
If memory e'er disturb the Spirit's rest,
Or earthly honours please th' Immortal's breast;
Should *PERCY's soul recal that tort'ring hour,
When from its frame 'twas forc'd by MONMOUTH's power.
Some balmy solace for the wound renew'd,
Had sooth'd its pangs, could he thy powers have view'd;
When beams of glory round thy HOTSPUR shone,
That Scotia's chieftain had not scorn'd to own.
Thy villain——hold! No villain can we see;
E'en ZANGA wins us, when perform'd by thee!
Mov'd by *thy* plaints of his disast'rous fate,
We melt in pity o'er the wretch we hate;
The rising curse is smother'd on his tomb,
And Hell implor'd to mitigate his doom.
And shall the minstrel cease these feeble lays,
Nor touch one chord, that yields thee sweeter praise?
That says,—— whene'er confest to public sight,
Thou play'st some motley hero of the night——,
Where lights and shades of good and ill combine—
Native the virtue; foreign is the *crime.*
Not in *thy acts* the critic-eye can trace
The *private failings* of the Thespian race;
Nor cynic-voice the contrast rude proclaim
Of mimic honour, and of real shame——.
Whate'er of greatness marks thy scenic strife,
'Tis thy best praise—*to copy from the Life.*
Still well-sustain'd thy arduous part hath been
Through all the shiftings of its various scene.
When dark Misfortune's gather'd clouds were spread,
And winds and thunders roar'd around thy head,
Like thine own LEAR, erect th' unshrinking form
Met the sharp lightning, and sustain'd the storm.
Still strict to Virtue's, as the Drama's laws,
O be thy meed, thine own and Heaven's applause!
So while the ACTOR "bids the reign commence,
Of rescu'd nature and reviving sense,"
The MAN shall aid the efforts of the sage
To mend the morals of a miscreant age!

VENONI.

* I do not know that this character has been personated by Mr. F. *on the stage*, to those parts of it given in his recitations, the remarks equally apply.

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